

Republicans — Chandler, Clark, Crown, Dubois, Gallinger, Lodge, Mitchell of Oregon, Morrill, Platt, Quay, Sewell, Teller, Warren and Wilson. Democrats—George. Populists—Butler and Peffer. *Church Progress.*

THEIR SUN AND WAR DANCES.

The morning of the glorious Fourth dawned here amid a grand panorama of whooping Indians, neighing ponies and yelping dogs. He who missed this celebration of the day missed a wild and picturesque conglomeration of sights and sounds which may never be the lot of man to survey again. The days of the Sioux in his pristine glory, are rapidly on the wane, and it is the opinion of those familiar with such expeditions that this will end these affairs in this locality. Many say it will be impossible ever again to mass the throngs of untutored children of the plain that are here to-day. There are 5,000 of them—Brules, Ogalallas and Cheyennes—and at their head is that historical old patriarch of the tomahawk and scalping knife, Red Cloud. While the aged sachem is boss of the day, he has numerous illustrious assistants—He Dog, Big Elk, Dog Ear, Running Bear, Lone Dog, Bear-Up-Side-Down, Wolf Nose and scores of others, distinguished alike on the war trail and in the chase.

It is a great congregation of the remnants of these once mighty nations. Their tepees numbering something over 450, are pitched on the limitless plateau just east of the agency along Wolf and White Clay creeks. The Indians were here all of yesterday busily engaged in cutting up beef and dog meat and preparing for the grand jubilee to-day. Squaw dances were in progress at a dozen different points in the lurid light of a hundred camp fires, while the young bucks were engaged in horse and foot races and other sports kindred

to their nature. The monotonous tumult of the drums comingling with the hoarse shouts of the old men and the falsetto chant of the dancing females, was to be heard long after midnight.

The sun had hardly begun to silver the tops of the tallest buttes this morning, when scores and scores of half naked and feather-bedecked warriors dashed hither and thither over the plain on their little rats of horses, yelling like fiends and firing their rifles at every jump. The squaws busied themselves with the morning meal, chanting their national songs, while wolfish curs snapped and snarled as if they appreciated and partook of the frenzy.

The initial orgies of the morning over all fell to, like wolves at a carnival, and the way beef and dog meat and soup disappeared was a caution.

The inner man satisfied, preparations for the grand glorification of the day took on shape. At the command of gesticulating chiefs, ponies were rounded up, and the logs for the big sham battle hauled forth.

What a scene of wild savagery and grotesque ferocity was presented. Painted Indians on painted ponies were shortly swarming the plain, while a wall of squaws, two and three deep, surrounded the vast arena and kept the air vibrating with their shrill and sturdy shrieks of encouragement or wails of lamentation.

Under the command of Big Elk and Standing Bear, the opposing forces were deployed upon the broad plain, scouts were thrown out, and all the minute details for the impending clash perfected. Red Cloud in a boiled shirt, scarlet scarf and plug hat, set on his pony off on a little promontory with all the dignity of a monarch. His once far-reaching war cry has been hushed to a whisper, and his once red shanks stiffened like sticks by the encroachment of time.

He took no part save that of a looker-